



DISTRIBUTING THE GIFTS FROM THE BABY RUTH TREE, GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

35,000 HAPPY CHILDREN.

(Continued from First Page.)

Harry Davis, Sam Gaines, M. H. Regensburg, Peter Anderson and A. Weiner. Mr. and Mrs. Harmon were everywhere present and indefatigable in their efforts at expediting and equalizing the distribution of the gifts.



A WHOLE FAMILY MADE GLAD.

All these ladies and gentlemen desire to return thanks to Manager Meyer, of the Central Turn Verein, for his courtesy and the facilities extended by him and his staff of employees.

To Manager Meyer, as well as the ladies and gentlemen mentioned, the Christmas Tree Fund also extends its hearty thanks on behalf of its now happy contributors and beneficiaries.

It was 10:30 when the distribution of gifts began and 12:30 when it ended.

Not a child departed empty handed, and more than a younger sister or brother or playmate who had not likewise been provided.

What a crowd it was, and what a novel scene did it present!

In all the multitude there was not one who was well dressed, or even sufficiently clothed to protect the little body from the penetrating nip of Jack Frost.

But there was happiness and joy even in that aggregation of poverty that surged to and fro in the street, making the best of their time until the doors were thrown open.

So great was the crush that it became necessary to open the doors some time before 9:30, the appointed hour.

It was a great crowd. From the doors to the curbing on the opposite side of the street the little ones were packed.

When the doors were opened, a great cheer penetrated to the hall, and the corps of distributors knew what it meant.

Up the steps the little feet of the first contingent came hurrying, and the distributors hastened, at the signal, to their respective posts of duty.

The first to appear was a little boy of ten. He stood in the doorway, spellbound at the spectacle the good will of the Christmas Tree Fund had made as if by magic.

Tables were arranged in a hollow square, piled high with pretty things. In the center was a tall, beautiful, third-growth Norway spruce, laden with Christmas fruit.

The children were guided around the square until reaching the place of egress, their arms were full of things from the several tables.

Then with looks of contentment, that better than any words that they could command brooked the joy they felt, the first of the thousands passed out and away to their respective homes.

And so it continued until the last one was served, and tokens of joy were sent into hundreds of lowly homes which had not known the pleasures of Christmas.

Miss Emma Kauffman conducted the affair admirably. Many of the older children had heard of or read of the pretty lady who acted for the Christmas Tree Fund at the Berkeley Lyceum last Tuesday night and seemed to recognize her face.

She was assisted by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, the authoress, of 68 West Fifty-seventh street, and Miss Katharine Beveridge, the pretty young sculptress who moulded the busts of Cleveland and Stevenson.

Mr. A. Rosenberg, Louis S. Adams and several other gentlemen did door and inside patrol duty and acquitted themselves commendably.

HAPPY HALL! M. YOUNGSTERS.

the theatre were thronged long before that hour.

There were many mothers with little ones in their arms, waiting in line to be admitted, and whole families of little tots, with red noses and cheeks and bright, sparkling eyes, impatiently waiting to get a glimpse of the wonderful Christmas tree, with its handsome trimmings and trappings, which had been prepared by careful and loving hands for their especial benefit.

It was bitterly cold out in the street, but the children, fortunately, were not kept out very long, and when the big doors were finally thrown open they went in with a rush.

All the seats in the hall were taken in a hurry and late comers had to squeeze in to find standing-room.

Everything was in readiness, the tree having been prepared and all the presents laid out on long tables in the night before, so that there should be no delay and the distribution would go on as soon as the little ones had assembled.

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Essex street, carting off a farm, with its stable, barn, cows and all other appurtenances thereto belonging, for a big speaking doll that Marx liked, of Cherry Street, had carried away. And there was Herbert McClinton, looking like a baby because the household utensils he had traded for a miniature sewing-machine would have served her purpose better with the newly acquired puppets which Johnny McCarby gave her in exchange for a jackknife.

One of the most ludicrous and at the same time pathetic incidents occurred while the crush was most riotous at Niblo's Garden.

Mary Silberstein, of 212 Livingston Street, had brought her six-month-old baby in her arms and was leading her five-year-old son Morris by the hand.

After a frightful struggle the little family managed to get into the open corridor between the outer hall and the foyer, and here the mother sank into a chair to rest and staunch the tears of her Morris.

"What are you crying about?" The Evening World reporter asked the little lad.

"Oh," was Morris's reply, "they gave my little baby such a squeeze!"

To the surprise of every one Mr. Alexander Constock, the manager of Niblo's, ordered the doors closed at 10 o'clock—one hour and a half before the time which he had agreed upon with the manager of the fund and which was printed on the tickets.

Four hundred children already in the theatre lobby were by his order hustled out without any gifts, and more than a thousand others were turned away from the doors.

The little ticket-holders were almost heartbroken through their hopes of candy and toys being unfulfilled, and their disappointment was really sad.

Their unhappiness need only last until tomorrow, because their presents have been removed to the Christmas Tree Fund headquarters at 60 Fifth Avenue, where they can get them by presenting their tickets between the hours of 10 and 12 in the morning.

It was after the children had received their gifts that the most interesting scenes occurred. There was Freddy Rosenberg, of 172

Kings Daughters' Circle of Willing Helpers and the Circle of Ready Hands, Bethany Chapel, found their way into the arms of poor little tots whose eyes almost jumped out of their heads in happy surprise.

The 200 cakes contributed by Catherine Robertson, of 104 Gates Avenue, West, where they will do a world of good, as did also the beautiful toys, books and dolls sent by "Baby Lester," toys forwarded by Addie Lind, the mounted paper figures by Willie Leadgraf, and the kitchen set, books and dolls sent in by some charitable boy or girl who failed to give his or her name.

More Than Enough for All.

The distribution began at 10 o'clock and was not concluded until long after noon.

After all the youngsters had been provided, the toys that still remained were distributed among those who had sat down in the building to enjoy the scene.

What a change was noticeable in the faces of the boys and girls between the time they entered the Clermont Avenue doors and passed out into the cold air to Vanderbilt Avenue!

Thanks are due to all the many contributors to the Christmas Tree Fund, to those who took part in the entertainment, and to Mrs. Stuyvesant, who has worked so hard to make today's Christmas Tree successful.

The members of the Committee also deserve commendation for their efficient aid, and Mr. Norman L. Muro, the well-known publisher, of Vandewater Street, for his thoughtfulness and generosity in furnishing the use of the rink, free of all expense, since last Thursday.

A word of praise is also due to the Messrs. Stock Bros., piano-makers, who loaned one of their finest pianos; to Anderson, the caterer, for 500 Christmas cakes; Wilson, the caterer, and the Horton Ice-Cream Company for fifty Charlotte roses, and Hilde, the cyster-house man, for 150 fried cysters.

CHILDREN HOLDING TICKETS FOR THE CHRISTMAS TREE AT NIBLO'S THEATRE WHO RECEIVED NO GIFT TODAY WILL RECEIVE THEIR GIFTS AT 60 FIFTH AVENUE BETWEEN 10 AND 12 TO-MORROW.

IN JERSEY CITY.

Fully 3,000 Children Made Enthusiastically Happy.

Over in Jersey City the Christmas Tree Fund created a genuine sensation.

It was located in the historic old house of Passaic Ice Company No. 4, on Bright Street. The building is now the headquarters of the Overseer of the Poor, John E. Hewitt, who was the master of ceremonies to-day.

The hour fixed for the distribution of presents was 9 o'clock. Long before that time

(Continued on Fourth Page.)